

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters. Just after a ball at the Sutherland mansion Agatha Webb and her servant are found dead, and Philemon Webb, Agatha's husband who for years has been growing demented, is discovered asleep at the din ner table. A trace of blood on his sleeve fudicates him as the murderer. Miss Page, the niece of Sutherland's housekeeper, persists in remaining about the Webb premises, and discovers blood on the grass. The money drawer is found to be empty, and robbery is added to the mys-Frederick Sutherland, a wayward youth, calls his father to witness his deternination to be a better man, and promises not to marry Miss Page, by whom he has that she followed him the night of the murder, and knew where he had secreted a thousand dollars. She gives him a week to decide whether to marry her or be proclaimed as the murderer of Agatha Webb, It is learned that the money was in new bills, and the keeper of a small store produces one that a strange man gave him late the night of the murder for a loaf of bread. A detective arrives from Boston and orts, "Simple case, Murdered for mon-Find the man with the flowing beard," Suspicion falls upon one of the Zabel brothers. Frederick visits the hollow tree. The money is gone. Wattles, a Boston gambler, arrives and demands \$950 of Frederick in payment of a gambling debt. Frederick se cures a check for the amount from his father. The Zabel brothers are found dead of starvation, one of them clutching the loaf of bread, the other a blood-stained knife. The Boston detective declares the mystery olved, but young Sweetwater astonishes the company by a new chain of evidence pointanother perpetrator of the terrible This time Amabel Page is sused. Sweetwater finds the money where he has seen Miss Page hide it. Miss Page is confronted by the detectives and officers, and tells what she saw the night of the Frederick overhears the talking and joins the group, and Miss Page tells est enough so that a later confession will On the following day occurs the of Agatha Webb, and late that night Sotherland discovers Frederick weep-T her grave. On the way home he of the death of Philemon, Agatha's usband. Sweetwater suspects and follows rederick and is thus discovered by Mr. rland. Frederick places a package of is father seeks on explination. Agatha Notic's will be opened, and by its terms Mr. etland is made executor and Frederick beir of a \$100,000 estate. Sweetwater that Frederick is the murderer, but o Mr. Sytherland once saved his life eater L unwilling to give evidence. In keep his secret he plans to leave search of an Important witness be thrown everloomed that night and skes him to New Bestford. Food and clotha suspicious box. An accidental man be finds is Wattles, the gambler, to none other than Frederick Sutherland, at

CHAPTER XXIX.

The round had come full circle. By various chances and a train of circumstances for which he could not account, he had been turned from his first intention and was being brought back stage by stage to the very spot he had thought it his duty to fly from. Was this fate? He began to think so, and no longer so much as dreamed of struggling against it. But he felt very much dazed, and walked away through the now partially deserted streets, with an odd sense of failure that poorly compensated him for the hope now present within him of seeing his mother again, and being once more Calch Sweetwater of Sutherlandtown, He was clearer, however, after a few blocks of rapid walking, and then he began to wonder over the contents of the letter he held, and how they would affect its recip-Was it a new danger by was bringing him? instead of alding Mr. Sutherland in keeping his dangerous secret was he desby his testimony before the coroner, but by means of this letter, which, whatever it contained, certainly could not bade good to the man from whom it was designed to

pated before it, and he made up his mind that before he ventured into the precincts of Sutherlandtown he would know just what sort of a bombshell he was carrying has the Sutherland family. To do this stupped at the first respectable lodging use he encountered and hired a room. Hing for hot water—"piping hot," he told to he subjected the letter to the effects seam and presently had it open. He is not disappointed in its contents, save they were even more degree as the water water water they were even more degree as they are even more degree as the even more degree as they are even more degree as the they were even more dangerous than had anticipated. Captain Wattles was old crony of Frederick's and knew his ord better than any one else in the Frederick had stood in special need of by at the time of Agatha Webb's mur-the writer had no hesitation in believ-him guilty of the crime which opened way to a fortune, and though under orcircumstances he would, as his Frederick already knew, be perfectwilling to keep his opinions to himself, was just now under the same necessity ey that Frederick himself had been money that Frederick himself had been hat fatal time, and must therefore see color of \$2.500 before the day was out rederick desired to have his name kept of the Boston papers. That it had been don't up to this time, argued that the me had been well enough hidden to make alterations thus offered an important

Sweetwater, effected to an extent he at-expected, rescaled the letter, made his cases to the landlord, and left the house. old see why he had not been naite his useless sacrifice. An-than himself suspected Fred-y a word could precipitate the

averted.

et I'll attempt that, too," burst imously from his lips, "If I fail, I can
no back with a knowledge of this added
er. If I succeed, why, I must still go.
From some person and from some
plications it is useless to attempt

Right."
Returning to the club house he had first entered in his search for Captain Wattles. he asked if that gentleman had yet come in. This time he was answered by an affirmative, though he might aimost as well have not been, for the captain was playing early in a private room and would not subcards in a private room and would not sub-

mit to any interruption.

"He will submit tomine," retorted Sweetwater to the man who had told him this.

"Or wait; hand him back this letter and say that the messenger refuses to deliver

This brought the captain out, as he had

fully expected it would.
"Why, what—" began that gentleman But Sweetwater, laying his hand on the knew to be so sensitive, rose on

gry man's ear:

"You are a card sharp, and it will be easy enough to ruin you. Threaten Frederick Sutherland and in two weeks you will be boycotted by every club in this city. Twenty-five hundred dollars won't pay you

This from a nondescript fellow with no grains of a gentleman about him in form, feature of apparel! The captain stared nonplussed, too much taken aback to be even

Suddenly he cried:

Suddenly he cried:
"How do you know all this? How do you know what is or is not in the letter I gave you?"
Sweetwater, with a shrug that in its quiet significance seemed to make him at once the equal of his interrogator, quietly pressed the quivering limb under his hand

and calmiy replied:

"I know because I have read it. Before ing question.

iptoe and managed to whisper in the an- | embowered window. Alas! he did not know how early one anxious heart woke during these troublous days. The Sutherland house was dark, but as he crept very close under its overhanging eaves he heard a deep sigh uttered over his head, and knew that some one was up there also in anxious expecta-tion of a day that held more than even he

them all, stopping only to put one hesitat-ing question. Was his mother well?

from years of self-control were too lately awakened in his breast to sustain him now. As stroke after stroke fell on the ear, he As stroke after stroke fell on the ear, he felt himself yielding beyond recovery, and had almost touched his fingers in the significant action of assent which Amadel awaited with breathless expectation, when, was it miracle or only the suggestion of his better nature, the memory of a face full of holy pleading rose from the past before his eyes, and with an inner cry of "Mother," he threw his hand out and clutched his father's arm in a way to brask the charm father's arm in a way to break the charm of his own dread and end forever the af-fects of the intolerable fascination that was working upon him. Next minute the last stroke rang out and the hour was up, which Amabel had set as the limit of her silence.

A pause, which to their two hearts, if to no others, seemed strangely appropriate, followed the cessation of these sounds, then the witness was dismissed, and Amabel, taking advantage of the movement, was about to lean toward Mr. Courtney, when Frederick, leaping with a bound to his feet, drew all eyes toward himself with the cry:
"Let me be put on my oath. I have testimony to give of the utmost importance in this case."

The coroner was astounded; every one was astounded. No one had expected anything from him, and instinctively every eye turned toward Amabel to see how she was affected by his action. Strangely, evidently, for the look with

which she settled back in her seat was one which no one who saw it ever forgot, though it conveyed no hint of her real feelings, which were somewhat chaotic, I must

Frederick, who had forgotten her, now

Frederick, who had forgotten her, now that he had made up his mind to speak, waited for the coroner's reply.

"If you have testimony," said that gentleman after exchanging a few hurried words with Mr. Courtney and the surprised Knapp, "you can do no better than give it to us at once Mr. Frederick Sutherland.

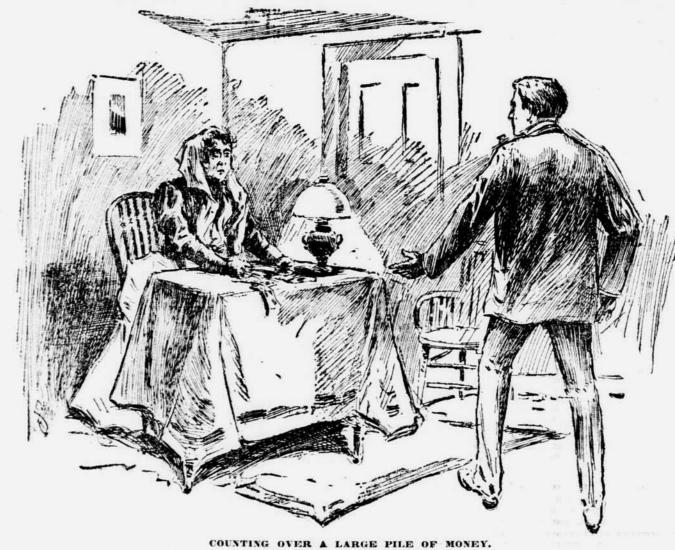
tion of a day that held more than even he anticipated.

Meanwhile the sea grew rosy, and the mother's cottage was as yet afer off. Hurrying on, he came at last under the eye of more than one of the early risers of Sutherlandtown.

"What, Sweetwater! Alive and well! Hey, Sweetwater, we though you lost on the Hesper."

"Halloo! Home in time to see the pretty Amabel arrested!" Phrases like these met Amabel

tone it was heard to the remotest corner of the room. "Spare me the anguish of saying



think it only proper to measure its capaci-And lifting his hand he drew back, What is your name?

shouted out Wattles as Sweetwater was drawing off. It was the third time he had been asked hat question within twenty-four hours, not before with this telling emphasis. Who are you, I say, and what can you do

"I am-. But that is an insignificant detail unworthy of your curiosity. As to what I can do, wait and see. But first burn that letter." And turning his back he fled out of the

building, followed by oaths which, if not loud, were certainly deep and very farreaching.
It was the first time Captain Wattles had met his match in audacity.

CHAPTER XXX.

On his way to the depot Sweetwater went into the Herald office and bought a morning paper. At the station he opened it. There was one column devoted to the wreck of the Hesper, and a whole half page to the proceedings of the third day's inquiry into the cause and manner of Agatha Webb's death. Merely noting that his name was mentioned among the lost in the first article, he began to read the latter with justifiable eagerness. The assurance given in Capt. Wattles' letter was true. No direct suspicion had as yet fallen on Frederick. As the lover of Amabel Page his name was necessarily mentioned, but neither in the account of the inquest nor in graw upon him rapidly, and the temptation to open the letter and make himself master of its contents before leaving town at last had got hold of the great idea that he was the man who had preceded Amabel to Agatha's cottage. Relieved on this score, he entered more fully into the particulars and found that though the jury had sat three days, very little more had come to light than was known on the morning he made that bold dash into the Hesper, Most of the witnesses had given in their testimony, Amabel's being the chief, and though no open accusation had been made, it was evident from the trend of the ques-tions put to the latter that Amabel's connection with the affair was looked upon as criminal and as placing her in a very sus-picious light. Her replies, however, as under a similar but less formal examination, failed to convey any recognition on her part either of this suspicion or of her own position; yet they were not exactly frank, and Sweetwater saw, or thought he saw (naturally failing to have a key to the sit-uation), that she was still working upon her old plan of saving both herself and Frederick, by throwing whatever suspicion her words might raise upon the deceased Zabel. He did not know, and perhaps it was just as well that he did not, at this especial juncture, that she was only biding her time—now very nearly at hand—and that instead of loving Frederick, she hated him, and was determined upon his destruc-tion. Reading, as a final clause, that Mr Sutherland was expected to testify soon in explanation of his position as executor of Mrs. Webb's will. Sweetwater grew very serious, and, while no change took place in his mind as to his present duty, he de cided that his return must be as unobtru-sive as possible, and his only too timely reappearance on the scene of the inquiry

kept secret till Mr. Sutherland had given his evidence and retired from under the eyes of his excited fellow citizens. "The sight of me might unnerve him," was Sweetwater's thought. "precipitating the very catastrophe we dread. One look, one word on his part indicative of his inner apprehensions that his son had a hand in the crime which has so benefited him, and nothing can save Frederick from the charge of murder. Not Krupp's skill, my silence or Amabel's finesse. The young man will

e lost." He did not know, as we do, that Ama bel's finesse was devoted to winning a hus-band for herself, and that, in the event of failure, the action she threatened against her quondam lover would be precipitated that very day at the moment when the clock struck 12.

Sweetwater arrived home by the way of Portchester. He had seen one or two persons he knew, but, so far, had himself escaped recognition. The morning light was dimly breaking when he strode into the outskirts of Sutherlandtown and began to descend the bill. As a passed Mr. Hellidescend the hill. As he passed Mr. Halli-day's house he looked up, and was aston-ished to see a light burning in one deeply

door. CHAPTER XXI-Had Batsy Lived.

It was the last day of the inquest, and to many it bade fair to be the least interesting. All the witnesses who had anything to say had long ago given in their testimony, and when at or near noon Sweetwater slid into the inconspicuous seat he had succeeded in obtaining near the coroner it was to find in two faces only any signs of eagerness and expectancy that filled his own breast to suffocation. as these faces were those of Agnes Halli-day and Amabel Page he soon recognized that his own judgment was not at fault, and that notwithstanding outward appearances and the languid interest shown in the now lagging proceedings, the moment presaged an event full of unseen but vital

Frederick was not visible in the great nall; but that he was near at hand soon became evident from the change Sweet-water now saw in Amabel. For while she had hitherto sat under the universal gaze with only the faint smile of conscious beauty on her inscrutable features, she roused as the hands of the clock moved toward noon, and glanced at the great door of entrance with an evil expectancy that

startled even Sweetwater, so little had he really understood the nature of the pas-ions laboring in that venomous breast. Next moment the door opened, and Fred-rick and his father came in. The air of riumphant satisfaction with which Amabel sank back into her seat was as marked in its character as her previous suspense. What did it mean? Sweetwater, noting it, and the vivid contrast it offered to Freder ick's air of depression, felt that his return

ad been well timed.

Mr. Sutherland was looking very feeble. As he took the chair offered him the change in his appearance was apparent to all who knew him, and there were few there who did not know him. And startled by these evidences of suffering which they could not understand, and feared to interpret, even to themselves, more than one devoted friend stole uneasy glances at Frederick to see if he, too, were under the cloud which seemed to envelop his father almost beyond recognition.

But Frederick was looking at Amabel, and his erect head and determined aspect made him a conspicuous figure in the room. She who had called up this expression and alone comprehended it fully smiled as she met his eye, with that curious slow dipping of her dimples which had more than once confounded the coroner, and rendered her at once the admiration and abhorrence of the crowd, who for so long a time had had the opportunity of watching her. Frederick, to whom this smile conveyed a

last hope, as well as a last threat, looked away as soon as possible, but not before her eyes had fallen in their old, inquiring way to his hands, from which he had re moved the ring which up to this hour he had invariably worn on his third finger. In this glance of hers and this action of his began the struggle that was to make that day memorable in many hearts.

After the first stir occasioned by the en-

trance of two such important persons and possible witnesses, the crowd settled back into its old quietude under the coroner's hand. A tedious witness was having his slow say, and to him a full attention was being given in the hope that some real enlightenment would come at last to settle the questions which had been raised by Amabel's incomplete and unsatisfactory testimony. But no man can furnish what he does not possess, and the few final minutes before noon passed by without any addition to the facts which had already been presented for general consideration.

As the witness sat down the clock began to strike. As the slow hesitating states

to strike. As the slow, hesitating strokes rung out, Sweetwater saw Frederick yield to a sudden but most profound emotion. The old fear, which we understand, if Sweetwater did not, has again selzed the victim of Amabel's ambition, and under her eye, which was blazing full upon him now with a fell and steady nursone he for the did. eye, which was blazing full upon him now with a fell and steady purpose, he found his right hand stealing toward the left in the significant action she expected. Better to yield than fall headlong into the pit one word of hers could open. He had not meant to yield, but now that the moment had come now that he must at once and for come, now that he must at once and come, now that he must at once and for-ever choose between a course that led sim-ply to personal unhappiness and one that involved not only himself, but those dearest to him, in disgrace and sorrow, he felt him-self weaken to the point of clutching at whatever would save him from the conse-quences of confession. Moral strength and the tenacity of purpose which only comes

Home fears had awakened within him at | what I have to say in your presence. I his near approach to that humble cottage could not bear it. You could not bear it. Later, if you will wait for me in one of rooms, I will repeat my tale in you cars, but go now. It is my last entreaty."

There was a silence; no one ventured a dissent, no one so much as made a ges ture of disapproval. Then Mr. Sutherland struggled to his feet, cast one last look around him and disappeared through door which had opened like magic before him. Then and not till then did Frederick

move forward. The moment was intense. The emed to share the universal excitement, for his first question was a leading one and brought out this startling admission: "I have obtruded myself into this inquiry

Thave obtruded myself into this inquiry and now ask to be heard by this jury, because no man knows more than I do of the manner and cause of Agatha Webb's death. This you will believe when I tell you that I was the person Miss Page followed into Mrs. Webb's house and whom she heard descend the stairs during the momental descend the stairs during the moment she crouched behind the figure of the sleeping Philemon."

It was more, infinitely more, than any It was more, infinitely more, than any one there had expected. It was not only an acknowledgment, but a confession, and the shock, the surprise, the alarm, even, which it occasioned even to those who had never had much confidence in this young man's virtue, was almost appalling in its intensity. Had it not been for the consciousness of Mr. Suther and's near presence the feeling would have risen to out. ence the feeling would have risen to out-break; and many voices were held in sub-jection by the remembrance of this ven-erated man's last look, that otherwise would have made themselves heard in despite of the restrictions of the place and he authority of the police.

the authority of the police.

To Frederick it was a moment of immeasurable grief and humiliation. On every face, in every shrinking form, in subdued murmurs and open cries, he read instant and complete condemnation, and yet in all his life, from boyhood up to this hour, never had he been so worthy of their esteem and consideration. But, though he felt the iron enter his soul, he did not lose his determined attitude. He had observed a change in Amabel and a change in Agnes, and if only to disappoint the vile triumph of the one and raise again the drooping courage of the other, he withstood the clamor and began speaking again before clamor and began speaking again before the coroner had been able to fully restore "I know," said he, "what this acknowl

"I know," said he, "what this acknowledgment must convey to the minds of the jury and people here assembled. But if any one who listens to me thinks me guilty of the death I was so unfortunate as to have witnessed, he will be doing me a wrong which Agatha Webb would be the first to condemn. Dr. Talbot and you, gentlemen of the jury, in the face of God and man, I here declare that Mrs. Webb in my presence and before my eyes, gave to herself the blow which has robbed us all of a most valuable life. She was not murdered."

It was a solemn assertion, but it failed

valuable life. She was not murdered."

It was a solemn assertion, but it failed to convince the crowd before him. As by one impulse men and women broke into tumuit. Mr. Sutherland was forgotten and cries of "Never! She was too good. It's all calumny! A wretched lie!" broke in unrestrained excitement from every part of the large room. In vain the coroner smote with large room. In vain the coroner smote with his gavel, in vain the local police enveavor-ed to restore order, the tide was up and overswept everything for an instant till stlence was suddenly restored by the sight of Amabel smoothing out the folds of her crisp white frock with an incredulous, almost insulting smile that at once fixed attention again on Frederick. He select the occasion and spoke up in a tope of great occasion and spoke up in a tone of great

resolve.
"I have made an assertion," said he, "be fore God and before this jury. To make it seem a credible one I shall have to tell my story from the beginning. Am I allowed to do so, Mr. Coroner?"

do so, Mr. Coroner?"
"You are," was the firm response.
"Then, gentlemen," continued Frederick,
still without looking at Amabel, whose
smile had acquired a mockery that drew
the eyes of the jury toward her more than
once during the following recital, "you
know, and the public generally now know,
that Mrs. Webb has left me the greater
portion of the money of which she died
possessed. I have never before acknowledged to any one, not even to the good man portion of the money of which she died possessed. I have never before acknowledged to any one, not even to the good man who awaits this jury's verdict on the other side of that door, that she had reasons for this, good reasons, reasons which up to the very evening of her death I was myself ignorant of, as I was ignorant of her intentions in my regard or that I was the special object of her attention, or that we were under any mutual obligations in any way. Why, then, I should have thought of going to her in the great streit in which I found myself on that day I can hardly say. I

knew she had money in her house; this I had unhappily been made acquainted with in an accidental way, and I knew she was of kindly disposition and quite capable of doing a very unselfish act. Still, this would not seem to be reason enough for me to in-trude upon her late at night with a plea for a large loan of money had I not been in a desperate condition of mind, which made any attempt seem reasonable that promised relief from the unendurable burden of a pressing and disreputable debt. I was obliged to have money, a great deal of money, and I had to have it at once; and while I know this will not serve to lighten the controller. the suspicion I have brought upon myself by my late admissions, it is the only ex-planation I can give you for leaving the by my late admissions, it is the only explanation I can give you for leaving the ball at my father's house and hurrying down secretly and alone into town to the little cottage where, as I had been told early in the evening, a small entertainment was being given, which would insure its being open even at so late an hour as midnight. Miss Page, who will, I am sure, pardon the introduction of her name into this narrative, has taken pains to declare to you that in the expedition she herself made into town that evening she followed some person's steps down hill. This is very likely true, and those steps were probably mine, for after leaving the house by the garden door I came directly down the main road to the corner of the lane running past Mrs. Webb's cottage. Having Already seen from the hillside the light burning in her upper windows, I felt encouraged to proceed, and so hastened on till I came to the gate on High street. Here I had a moment of hesitation and thoughts bitter enough for me to recall them at this moment came into my mind, making that instant, perhaps, the very worst in my life: but they passed, thank God, and with nothing more desperate in mind than a sullen intention of having my own way about this money, I lifted the latch of the front door and stepped in.

"I had expected to find a jovial group of friends in her little ground parior, or at least hear the sound of merry voices and laughter in the rooms above, but no sounds of any sort awaited me; indeed, the house seemed strangely silent for one so fully lighted, and, astonished at this, I pushed the door ajar at my left and looked in. An unexpected and pitful sight awaited me. Seated at a table set with abundance of untasted food I saw the master

in. An unexpected and pitiful sight awaited me. Seated at a table set with abundance of untasted food I saw the master of the house with his head sunk forward on his arms asleep. The expected guests had failed to arrive, and he, tired out with waiting, had fallen into a doze at the board. This was a condition of things for which I was not prepared. Mrs. Webb, whom I wished to see, was probably unstairs, and wished to see, was probably upstairs, and while I might summon her by a sturdy rap on the door beside which I stood, I had so little desire to wake her husband, of whose mental condition I was well aware, that I could not bring myself to make any loud noise within his hearing. Yet I had not the courage to retreat. All my hope of relief from the many difficulties that menaced me lay in the generosity of this great-hearted woman, and if out of pusil-lanimity I let this hour go by without making my appeal nothing but shame and disaster awaited me. Yet how could I hope to lure her down stairs without noise? could not, and so, yielding to the impuls could not, and so, yielding to the impulse of the moment, without any realization, I here swear, of the effect which my unexpected presence would have on the noble woman overhead, I slipped up the narrow staircase and, catching at that moment the sound of her voice calling out to Batsy, I stepped up to the door I saw standing open before me and confronted her before she could move from the table before which she was sitting, counting over a large roll she was sitting, counting over a large roll

of money.

My look (and it was doubtless not a common look, for the sight of a mass of money at that moment, when money was every thing to me, roused every lurking demon in my breast) seemed to appall, if it did not frighten, her, for she rose and meeting my eye with a gaze in which shock and some strange and poignant agony totally incom-prehensible to me were strangely blended. cried out:

she cried out:
"No. no, Frederick! You don't know what
you are doing. If you want my money,
take it; if you want my life, I will give it
to you with my own hand. Don't stain
yours-don't..."

Jours—don't——"
I did not understand her. I did not know I did not understand her. I did not know until I thought it over afterward that my hand was thrust convulsively into my breast in a way which, taken with my wild mien, made me look as if I had come to murder her for the money over which she was hovering. I was blind, deaf to everything but that money, and bending madly forward in a state of mental intoxication awful enough for me to remember now, I answered her frenzied words by some such broken exclamations as these:

toward it, not toward her; but she the action, mistook my purpose, and, with a heartbroken cry, to save me, me, from crime, the worst crime of which humanity is capable, she caught up a dagger lying only too near her hand in the open drawer against which she leaned, and in a momen of fathomiess anguish which we who can never know more than the outward seeming of her life can hardly measure plunged against it and—I can tell you no more. Her blood and Batsy's shrick from the adjoining room swam through my conscious-ness, and then she fell, as I supposed, dead upon the floor, and I, in scarcely better

ase fell also "This, as God lives, is the truth concern ing the wound found in the breast of this never-to-be-forgotten woman." The feeling, the pathos, the anguish even,

to be found in his tones made this story strange and incredible as it seemed, appear

for the moment plausible.

"And Batsy?" asked the coroner.

"Must have fallen when we did, for never heard her voice after the first screan But I shall speak of her again. What must now explain is how the money in Mrs Webb's drawer came into my possession, and how the dagger she had planted in her breast came to be found on the lawn outside. When I came to myself, and that must have been very soon, I found that the blow I had been such a horrified witness to had not yet regard fetal. The event last to had not yet proved fatal. The eyes I had seen close, as I had supposed, forever, were now open, and she was looking at me with a smile that has never left my memory, and never will. "'There is no blood on you,' she mur-

mured. "You did not strike the blow. Was it money only that you wanted. Frederick? If so, you could have had it without crime There are a thousand dollars on that table and half as much again in the closet over yonder. Take them and let them pave your way to a better life. My death will help you to remember.' Do these words, this action of hers, seem incredible to you, sirs? Alas! alas! they will not when I tell youand here he cast one anxious, deeply anxious glance at the room in which Mr. Sutherland was hidden—"that unknown to me, unknown to any one living but herself, unknown to that good man from whom it can no longer be kept hid-den, Agatha Webb was my mother. I am Philemon's son, and not the offspring of Charles and Marietta Sutherland!" (To be continued.)

The Dance in Baracoa. rom the Outlook.

The gultar, the kettledrum, the gourd rat tle and the scratch gourd struck up the queer, barbaric music of the Cuban "danzon"-a round dance something like a waltz, but with greater irregularity of movement and with a peculiar, voluptuous swaying of the body suggestive of the "hoocheecoochee" and other oriental dances of the Midway Plaisance. As sometimes executed this Cuban "danzon" is immedest, not to say indecent; and at balls in the larger Cuban towns it is often danced in a way that would be startling, if not shocking, to the most hardened frequenter of the annual French balls in New York; but in Baracoa saw nothing about it that was particular y objectionable. It seemed to be nothing more than an awkward, irregular two-step waltz to the accompaniment of extremely wild and peculiar music. Both in the music and in the movements of the "danzon" it is easy to trace the influence that the negro, in Cuba, has had over the Spaniard.

The music especially, with its queer, broken time, the sharp, staccate click of its gourd rattle, the throbbing of its deep-toned guitar, and the rolling, muffled, intermittent thunder of its drum, is as unmistakably African as anything to be heard on the Upper Nile or in a jungle on the banks of the Congo. Why the "danzon" should be preferred to the waltz, as it everywhere is in Cuba, I do not know, unless it be for the reason that the music is more wild and passionate, and the dance itself more in narmony with the ardent, sensual nature of he half-Spanish, half-negro population.

Floating. From the Detroit Journal.

"Enough champagne is drunk yearly." said the statistical person, "to float the Oregon."
"I once floated a \$5,000,000 trust," said the Her, "on only three dozen quarts,"

HOME LIFE IN PARIS

Apartment Houses the Rule and Not the Exception.

GOOD AND BAD POINTS

Movement on Foot to Better the Architectural Conditions.

RENTS STEADILY RISING

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

PARIS, May 11, 1899. For many years the regular beauty of the Paris street has been the pride and solace of the citizen. The Paris street, like every other, being an open way between two rows of houses, the beauty of the street has been, in great part, the beauty of the houses. Certainly the uniformity of these great seven-story buildings, each sheltering a dozen or more families, gives the Parisian eye unending vistas of cheerful dignity and munificence. You would not think it could be done too well; yet this is exactly what has happened. Architectural eccentricity has been discouraged so well by the watchful municipal censorship that originality and personal fancy long ago went to sleep. They now say the Paris apartment houses are too regular, too uniform; and the complaint has gone so far that the municipal council has thought fit to offer prizes to the six architects and owners of new buildings "best embellishing the public way." It is called the monthly Concours Facades. The prize-winning owners are exempted from half the street tax, the architects receive gold medals and the contractors, even, get bronze medals. But they make enough to glid them.

they make enough to gild them.

I myself live just around the corner from one of these prize-winning edifices, that of the Avenue d'Antin, No. 39. The new house shines yellow in the gray spring sunlight, in the midst of grayer mansions, toned down so thoroughly by wind and weather that the eye immediately is caught by the rich carving and the soft Caen stone which makes it possible. Across the street and then across a little grove the new and permanent Beaux Arts palace of the coming exposition presents the same new and permanent Beaux Arts palace of the coming exposition presents the same predigality of carving. The cream-colored stone comes fresh from the Caen quarries, almost as soft as cheese, and can be carved by any amateur with a jack-knife or broken bottle. Those who imagine that the decoration of Parisian facades is stucco are mistaken; the inexhaustible Caen quar-ries have been a precious resource for Paris builders. The stone hardens quickly in the weather, tones down to a duil gray in the weather, tones down to a dult gray and then the eye is rested in the hazy atmosphere that causes shades to melt gently together.

American Influence.

Paris just now is in a fever of construc ion. While the new note, stimulated by the Concours de Facades, is certainly the same excess of carvings, columns and pilasters, it is not the only new note. Amer-

until I thought it over afterward that my hand was thrust convulsively into my breast in a way which, taken with my wild mien, made me look as if I had come to murder her for the money over which she was hovering. I was blind, deaf to everything but that money, and bending madly forward in a state of mental intoxication awful enough for me to remember now, I answered her frenzied words by some such broken exclamations as these:

"Give, then! I want hundreds—thousands—now, now, to save myself! Disgrace, shame, prison await me if I don't have them. Give, give!" And my hand went out toward it, not toward her; but she mistook the action mistock mental intoxication against the action mistock mental intoxication between the controller of the floors and wails deadens all bouse, countesses and barons live in that house, countesses and brouse, countesses, and now when he makes purchases, they do not struction of the floors and wails deadens all bouse, countesses and barons live in that house, countesses and barons live in that house, countesses and brouse, countesses, and now when he makes purchase, the outer of a larger one—has a thin wail on one side of one road the goods home C. O. D. The bill follows, a month later. He says, "Hurrah the only sounds are of the street. Hucksters do not cry their vegetables; the real that my present abode—like many extra small flats cut out of a larger one—has a thin wail on one side of one road the goods home C. O. D. The bill follows, a month later. He says, "Hurrah the material many extra small flats cut out of a larger one—has a thin wail on one side of one road the goods hom echo of continual Paris chatter.

A Word for the Conclerge.

The dreaded concierge, or janitor, troubles no one's privacy. It is true that there always having troubles with their concierges. Such troubles always have their secret in the under-tipping of the conclerge. It is said that he reads your postal cards. Then do not use postal cards. Who can protect you so well against the wicked outside world as a good concierge? You are at home or not at home to visitors, as are at nome or not at home to visitors, as, you instruct him. He stands between you and the bill collector. His tone of confidence decides delivery clerks to leave your purchases to be paid for later. Many concierges gossip. If it is your pleasure to listen to the talk of servants you may hear that such a lady's cousin comes to see her daily, or that the baron's tailor wanted cash on delivery, but, fresh from a visit to my native land, my remuiscences of neigh-

my native land, my reminiscences of neigh-borly rubber-necking cause me to look on such indiscretions as mere trifles. The small Paris flats of, say, three bed rooms, have the salon, or parlor, looking on the street; there will be one handsome, roomy bed room also on the street; the large and highly decorated dining room is the court and comparatively dark, while of the court and comparatively dark, while of the two other bed rooms there is little to be said except that they are bed rooms. The kitchen, with its tiled brick floor, its large porcelain-lined sink, its imposing gas range, furnished free if you use the gas, and with battery of gleaming copper sauce-pans, without which there can be no France. ans, without which there can be no French poking, makes one of the prettiest rooms the apartment. The sweeping is all on the floor. There are no stairs. The rugs to beaten out the courtyard windows early the morning. Household supplies must so come up in the morning, and by the tack stairway. Coal is lugged up from the clar by the bushel bagful. Somehow the stressing debrie of small bausshessing debries of distressing debris of small housekeeping at home does not collect in the Parisian flat. There is no room for trash.

Elevators and Bath Rooms The two great improvements of the up-to-

late Paris apartment house are the elevator and the bath room. In the best Paris houses built more than fifteen years agothe vast majority in the most fashionable districts—the delicate little marquise and the fragile little baronne have to climb two flights, or three or four. The elevator has come late to Parls. The type of five years and more ago is that of the time-killing and more ago is that of the time-kining hydraulic balance, dragging up a great steel column to support it. Happily the swift-moving new compressed-air "lifts" leave nothing to be desired. No elevator boy attends them. You step in, shut the door and press two buttons—one to fix the stopping place, and one to start the lift. At the third floor, or fourth, or fifth, as you have pressed the button, the lift stops of its own ined the hotel was on fire!"-Life

From Fliegende Blatter.

accord. You step out, shut the door and touch the button marked "descendre." The lift goes down. At night the electric light is turned on, also, as the lift goes up. As for the bath rooms, the Parisians are revelling in bath rooms. ng in bath rooms. Each apartment of each

ing in bath rooms. Each apartment of each new house has a bath room, and the inhabitants have begun to brag as diligently of their morning dip as any Englishman. We are accustomed to these confidences of his tollet from the Briton, but the Frenchman making social capital of his cleanliness is altogether fin-de-siecle.

With the coming of the lift, the ascense seur, or elevator, the Parts proprietor has found excuse to raise his rents. The third and fourth floors are now almost of equal value with the second, or the bel etage, while even the fourth and fifth have their own advantages. Sunlight, sought by every own advantages. Sunlight, sought by every one in Paris, is found best high up. The air is purer, you have a prettier view from your balcony and the roar of cabs upon the your batcony and the roar of cabs upon the wooden pavements comes more gently to the ear. Rents have risen greatly. A fur-nished apartment with four bed rooms on the Rue Marbeuf that rented for \$100 a, month in 1894 is held now at \$130. An ill-furnished apartment at the first corner of the Champs Elysses, above the Rond Paint, with these had recovered. with three bed rooms only, has just been rented for \$90.

Speculating in Rents.

A few years ago I would not have offered \$60 for it. Of course, this is in the neighborhood of the exposition grounds, in the heart of smart, clean Paris; but the indications are high prices for the exposition all around. The building and remodeling of hotels is remarkable, and there are not notes is remarkable, and there are not acking philosophers to predict a building smash such as Rome underwent a Jozen years ago, and, in a smaller way, affected Chicago after the fair. For the present, however, every one is hopeful. Every one is to get rich subjetting rooms and trafficking in furnished data. The Communications of the contractions of the contraction of the contractions of the contraction of is to get rich subletting rooms and trafficking in furnished flats. The Comtesse de Bari-wife of the son of the one-time King Bomba of Naples—to whom I pay my rent, is furnishing a large apartment on the fifth floor "for her son." That is to say, the young man will occupy it for a few months until he gets tired of it—any-body would get tired of it—and then it will be rented furnished. This is a come-down for a house of great pretensions, that never has let any thing on memblee. Two other locataires, the concierge says, have obtained permission to sublet. Subletting is to 15 the popular speculation of the coming o 12 the popular speculation of the coming

One of the most consoling things to the impecunious person is the facility which the flat system affords of obtaining a good address. Mme. Carnot paid 13,000 francs, about \$2,600 a year, without taxes, for her six-bedroomed apartment on the Avenue d'Alma, next door to the American church; yet there are half a dozen single men or economizing couples who live in that splendid house, somewhere close to the roof, at a rent of \$4 a week each. The sixth floor is often cut up into tiny two or three-roomed suites; and even in the servant-infested mansards the rooms upon the street are let to people of small means and fastidious tastes

In an Aristocratic House.

I have just been helping to install an American in a sixth-floor mansard hiding place in my own street, the Rue du Colisee He pays \$240 a year rent, plus taxes. He has a kitchen, a dark cabinet de tollette, a little anteroom lit by a skylight, a goodsized parlor and a small-sized bed room, both upon the street. The furniture is his own. His ceilings are low. He is pretty cold in winter, pretty hot in summer, and oftentimes the gas burns blue because of water in the pipes, it being an old, aristo-cratic house. On the other hand, he has a balcony, from which he views the charmcan get an apartment now with an honest bath room. You can even get a real bay window, which is the last word of innovation. If something does not stop the march of all this improvement the nasty little rain-soaked villas of the suburbs will some day have porches all around them.

Thave never felt that imagined drawback of so many tourists, the "lack of privacy" of the Paris flat. The heavy stone construction of the floors and wails deadens all sounds except that of dancing to an orchestra. It is true that my present abode—like many extra small flats out are solved.

While various kinds of printed fabrics were known to the people of most remote antiquity, it was not till the eighteenth century that wall paper in anything like its present form came into common use in are folk-I know one American-who are Europe, though it appears to have been used much earlier in China. A few rare examples which may be as early as the sixteenth century exist in England, but these are imitations, generally in "flock," of the old Florentine and Genoese cut velvets, and hence the style of the design in no way shows the date of the wall paper, the same traditional patterns being reproduced with little or no change for many years. It was not till the end of the last century that the machinery to make paper in long strips was invented. Up to that time wall papers were printed on small square pieces of hand-made paper and were very expensive. On this account wall paper was slow in superseding the older mural decorations uch as tapestry, stamped leather and

> A work printed in London in 1744 shows A work printed in London in 1744 shows some light on the use of wall papers at that time: "The method of printing wall papers of the better sort is probably the same now that it has ever been. Wooden blocks with the design cut in relief, one for each color, are applied by hand, after being dipped in an elastic cloth sieve charged with wet tempera pigment, great care being taken to lay each block exactly on the right place, so that the various colors may 'register' or fit together. In order to suit the productions of the paper mills these blocks are made in England twenty-one tracker wide and in Ergang eighteen inches inches wide, and in France eighteen inches wide. The length of the block is limited to what the workman can easily lift with one hand-two feet being about the limit, as the blocks are necessarily thick, and in many cases made heavier by being inlaid with copper, especially the thin outlines, which, if made of wood, would not stand the wear and tear of printing.

aner cloth

"In 'flock' and gold or silver printing the design is first printed in strong size, the flock (finely cut wool of the required color). or metallic powder, is then sprinkled hand all over the paper; it adheres only to the wet size, and is easily shaken off the ground or unsized part. If the pattern is required to stand out in some relief, the process is repeated several times, and the whole paper then rolled to compress the flock. Cheaper sorts of paper are printed by machinery, the design being cut on the surface of wooden rollers under which the paper passes. The chief drawback to this process is that all the colors are applied rapidly one after the other without allowing each to dry separately, as is done in hand printing. A somewhat blurred ap-pearance is usually the result."

Bell Boy-"Party in sixty-three have hung hisself wif de rope fire escape!" Clerk—"Heavens! He must have imag-

IN THE TROPICS.



"Isn't this an awful heat!--- If I could only go in my shirt sleeves!"